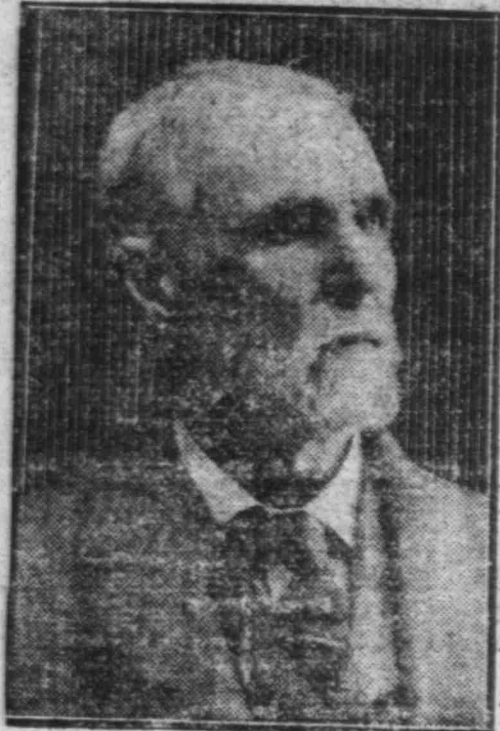


The Shooting Match Across Pensacola Bay

..By..
N. B. COOK.



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Some twenty-five or six years ago, a party of congenial spirits, among whom were Capt. Thos. W. Hutchinson, Gavin Pou, James McCullough, E. Seaw, myself and several others whose names escape my memory, went on a hunting trip for a few days across the bay shore near where the Stewart place is now located.

The hunting was pretty good at that time, for at noon on the second day, two fine deer were hanging up in camp, every member of the party was feeling fine and all were in good plight to enjoy the good dinner which was then on the fire and being looked after by an expert in the culinary art.

Just before it was time to take up the dinner, Darby, a noted negro hunter of those days, and who by the by, had a good nose for anything good in the eating line, having observed the boots of the crowd at anchor, and also, seeing the smoke from the camp fire on shore, boldly walked into camp, knowing full well that he would be welcome and also get a good dinner.

Darby was clothed on the order of Robinson Crusoe, and his gun, a single barreled shot gun, was all tied up with strings, and on the whole, master and gun were about the hardest looking pair that the writer ever saw in the woods. By way of having a little sport, I began to make fun of Darby's gun, but was immediately met with the proposition from Darby, "I'll bet a dollar that I can beat any gun in camp."

I had a gun which I considered first-class, but the darky seemed so confident, and was so willing to put up the dollar that I was completely bluffed. I did venture to ask him how many shot he had in his gun. He said twelve. I told him that the number in my gun. He immediately offered to put up one dollar that he could beat me shooting at a mark, remember this was before breach

loading guns were in use in this section.) A moment after this, I heard the cook strike the bottom of the bucket as a signal that he wanted some water. I spoke to Darby and asked him if he wouldn't bring a bucket of water for the cook, and he promptly answered, "yes," set his gun against a tree, took up the bucket and started for the spring which was some 60 to 75 yards away and behind a thick clump of bushes.

As soon as he turned his back and started for the spring I grabbed his gun, drew the rammer and the wad off the shot, and turned the gun up and caught eleven shot in my hand. I knew that he had twelve in the gun and I made two or three efforts to get the last one but failed, and seeing that Darby had started back from

the spring, I sat the gun down where he had left it.

As soon as Darby returned with the bucket of water, some one in the crowd said: "Darby, I think Nat can beat you shooting." Without hesitating, he replied: "I'll bet a dollar that he can't."

The bet was promptly accepted, and stakes placed in the hands of one of the party. Mr. McCullough went to a tree some forty or fifty yards away and made a small blaze about two and a half inches in diameter, and then stepped off forty yards and drew a mark for us to stand on. Capt. Thomas Hutchinson, was appointed judge.

Everything being ready, I toed the mark and fired. I didn't hit the blaze with a single shot, but several were near the edge, and it was a real good target for game, as I think I placed seven shot of the twelve in the tree and the most of them would have hit a turkey.

Then Darby stepped up and toed the mark and fired, and the judge, in fact the whole crowd, went up to inspect the target. To the surprise of every one except Darby, the only shot in his gun was as near the center of the blaze as it was possible to put it, and the laugh that went up from the crowd was a startler to all the game in those woods.

The judge, after due deliberation decided that Nat was entitled to the money as he had done the best "average" shooting—in other words had, hit the tree with the most shot. It is needless to say that Darby's amazement and discomfiture at this decision were complete, but it is also needless to add that, aside from this, the darky did not lose anything by the occurrence.

I will close this article by stating that only a few weeks after this event, Darby again went across the bay on a hunt, having borrowed one of my dogs. Attempting to return home in bad weather, his boat capsized and poor Darby and my dog were both drowned.

A Week of Fact and Fancy, Fun and Folly in Florida

The Southern Girl.

Adeline Burgert, says the Gainesville Star, has painted a poetical picture of the Southern girl in such a clever manner that every single male visitor in Florida will be making desperate efforts to rob us of our peerless gems before returning to their homes.

The Southern girl
Is a dainty pearl,
And one that's good to see;
She's neither bold,
Nor yet too cold,
And pure and sweet is she.

She's always neat,
When on the street;
Soft as a mouse can be,
When in the house,
No more the mouse,
So gay and bright is she.

Her eyes in hue,
Though black or blue,
Are bright as bright can be;
And in them lies
A quick surprise
If you too bold should be.

In all the world
'Tis the Southern girl,
The girl alone for me;
I'd give my life
If she'd be my wife,
So good and true is she.

Oldest Woman in Florida.

Mrs. Betsy Crews died at her home near Zolfo last Friday and was buried Saturday. Mrs. Crews was the mother of Mrs. Maxfield McClelland and was perhaps the oldest woman in Florida. She was said to be 110 years of age and had lived in three centuries. Mrs. Crews was born in 1794 or 1795, while George Washington was president of the United States, and lived to see every president inaugurated from John Adams in 1797 to Theodore Roosevelt in 1901.—DeSoto County Advertiser.

Planting Palmetto Palms.
A solid carload of palmetto palms

arrived in Orlando over the S. A. L. Thursday and are being set out in different parts of the city. These plants are very ornamental and are getting to be quite popular as such all over Florida.—Orlando Record.

Whole Line of Florida Keys.

The Cape Sable correspondent of the Times-Union reports on Monday, owing to what was supposed to be an unusual clearness of the atmosphere, the whole line of the Florida Keys, from the cape to Key West, was distinctly visible. A vessel was plainly seen anchored off Harbor Key. The bay keys, near Key West, were visible for several hours. This unusual scene was viewed with intense interest and curiosity by everybody who knew of it.—St. Augustine Record.

An Original Death Notice.

F. E. Williams, the recognized duke of Alachua, died at his home in that town yesterday morning at 11:30 o'clock. He was a member of the Baptist church, and was extremely wealthy. He had a credit possibly of \$500,000, of which he had, but death deprived him of the enjoyment, leaving him an inheritance of only six feet of earth. To the widow and bereaved the Hornet extends condolence. A phoid fever invited the enemy of human kind, and made him a captive prisoner of old Newmansville cemetery. His importance and wealth were such that he will be sadly missed from that section.—High Springs Hornet.

Alligators at Pass-A-Grille.

It's a fact—or at least, it's a success. An alligator hunt every week. One was captured last week—one the week before. Oh! let's get another one this week.

What would I do without that alligator hunt these cold days? Fishing although good, is not the best; the fact is there is so much of everything here that visitors soon tire and want excitement. "Get up an alligator hunt," said old Doc Roberts. But how? Where

is the alligator? Where do you hunt him? "Come here," says Doc, "I want to tell you something," and the old cuss disclosed to me a scheme—a streak of genius if carried out right, and I jumped at it.

Last fall I had noticed that in a small pond on Cabbage Key there were several alligators, so Doc and I went there one morning hunting up an alligator cave; we soon found one and proceeded to introduce ourselves by prodding the occupant with an eighteen foot pole. His alligatorship no doubt was pleased to make our acquaintance for he chewed up the end of the pole in a way that left no doubt as to his feelings. We closed up the door of his cave and dug him out, roped him to a stiff pole to avoid the results of his expressions of pleasure at seeing us, and brought him to the hotel and then let him go.

He went straight back to his cave. The next week I organized an alligator hunt with the understanding that no gun should be used; and we dug him out and brought him back to the island again. It would have done your heart good to see Doc and me explaining next morning how the alligator escaped during the night. We have had eight hunts so far and the alligator is getting so used to it that he is getting accommodating and actually lifts up his paws to be tied. There will be another hunt next week.—Geo. H. Lizotte, in St. Petersburg Times.

Potatoes Pay Better Than Cotton.

We were much pleased on a recent trip through Nassau county to note the prosperity of the farmers. Very little cotton was planted, the principal crop being sweet potatoes, which are bringing from 45 to 60 cents per bushel spot cash. At these prices, potatoes pay better than cotton at 25 cents a pound, and they are a sure crop. What is being done with sweet potatoes, if not more, can be done with Irish potatoes, and we are pleased to note that a considerable acreage

is this year being planted to the latter.—Fernandina News.

Soft Back Whales.

Fishermen from the banks report that several soft back whales ranging in size from 20 to 30 feet have been seen feeding in these waters for the past several days, and this morning Captain Charles Thompson, who has quite a record for capturing large and curious fish from the deep, went out in the Barracuda in search of the monsters, and if located he will make an effort to harpoon and land one of them. If successful Captain Thompson will have eclipsed all of his previous records for big fish.—Miami Metropolis.

Fishing Boat Cut in Two.

The small fishing boat formerly owned by Doty Sawyer and now the property of Fogg & Crossland, was run into and sunk on the fishing grounds yesterday by the fishing sloop sailed by Captain Pinder. It is said that the boat was cut in half and sunk, the occupants grabbing onto the headgear of the sloop as the collision occurred and in that manner being saved from injury.—Miami Metropolis.

A Novel Banquet.

The enterprising town of New Smyrna is about to adopt a novel method of showing to its winter visitors what it can provide for the sustenance of life. The city will give a banquet to its visitors on the 22nd of this month, and as the announcement says, "there will be a menu of extended proportion and not an item on it but can be gathered from the woods and waters of this section, without money and without price." The bread will be made from county root, vegetables from cabbage, palmetto, and others found growing wild. Fish, oysters and game will furnish the meats. The people propose to show what kind of a meal a man can get up here without purchasing a single article. We believe we

(Continued on Sixteenth Page.)

Prize Puzzle Pictures for the Journal's Growing Army of Little Puzzlers

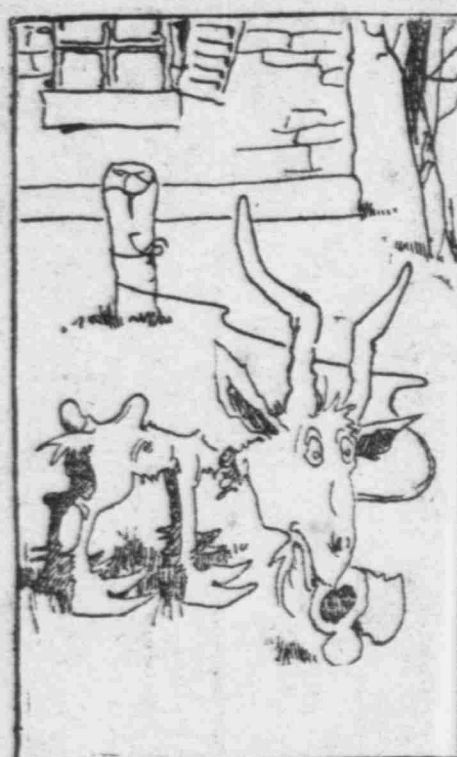
Below we publish ten pictures, nine of which represent a word formed from letters in the first picture, each being a noun, the first of which is Ears.



ONE.



TWO.



THREE.



FOUR.



FIVE.



SIX.



SEVEN.



EIGHT.



NINE.

To the boy or girl whose name is Drawn from the Correct Answers received at this office by next Thursday Night, The Journal will give a Silver Dollar.

HOW WILLY JONEY ROUTED THE PUZZLERS

NOT ALL OF THEM, HOWEVER, AS QUITE A NUMBER GOT CORRECT ANSWERS—PUZZLERS MUST LEARN TO USE THE "ANSWER COUPON" BLANK OR BE BARRED OUT.

Willy Jones routed the puzzlers with his funny pictures last Sunday. Such a time as they had. One little chap writes: "I just couldn't guess any of the puzzles this time, they are so hard, except No. 3, and I know its Masons or Old Fellows, so I will just send it away."

Bertram Dannheisser, 21 W. Belmont, is entitled to the dollar this week, and can get it whenever he calls for it at The Journal office.

Puzzlers, be sure to use the "Answer Coupon" as no attention is paid to those not written on it. A number of beautifully written and correct lists were received as usual, but as they are not written on the "Answer Coupon" that accompanies every set of puzzle pictures that appear in The Journal, they can not be counted.

Last week several correct lists were received too late. Get your answers to The Journal office as early as possible. Sometimes the puzzle editor is in the office after six o'clock on Thursday and sometimes not. But, do not wait for Thursday. Rush your answers in just as soon after Sunday as you can.

Several other lists did not have "Puzzle" on the address, got in the wrong editors mail Thursday, and the puzzle editor received them too late for last week's report.

Answers for February 12.
Following are the correct answers to the puzzles for February 12:

No. 1.—Jelly.
No. 2.—Jill.
No. 3.—Lye.
No. 4.—One.
No. 5.—Noise.
No. 6.—Joy.
No. 7.—Nile.
No. 8.—Oil.
No. 9.—Ill.

Correct Answers Received.
The following boys and girls sent in correct answers:

Max Cody Goodman, 242 W. Garden.
W. W. Eaton, U. S. Navy Yard.
Annie W. Wood, 14 E. LaRue.
Edward Swaine, 402 W. Garden.
Lucy Swaine, 402 W. Garden.
Thomas Johnson, 316 E. Romana.
Alice Freeman, 522 E. Jackson.
Bertram Dannheisser, 21 W. Belmont.
Amelia Lagne, 605 E. Salamanca.

Annie R. Pfeiffer, 309 S. Barcelona.
Emory H. Skinner, 902 N. Baylen.
Nora Tate, Roberts, Fla.
Amelia Tate, 220 N. Alcaniz.
Hermila Riss, 220 N. Alcaniz.
Susie Harvey, 415 E. Intendencia.
Ethel Darling, Darlington, Fla.
Lewis Montanari, DePunk Springs, Fla.
Ethel Smythe, St. Giles, New York.
John Edward Martin, Washington.

D. C.
Carrie Kelly, E. Chase.
Some of the "Others."
The following show how some of the puzzlers made a mess of it, and some of their letters to the editor are also given:
Helen Burgoyne, George Slaver and Mina Pettis, "No. 2 Yell, and No. 6 Jolly."
Walter Gagnet, "No. 2 In, No. 6 Noise, No. 7 Yell."

Alberta Cromer all correct but "No. 7, Blank."
Mary Ida McDavid, nicely written list and all correct but "No. 6 Bill, and No. 8 Wine."
Rosa Bell Tharp, Nellie and Edna Villar, "No. 6 Jolly."
Lola Lee and Will Danjell, "No. 3 Sole, No. 4 Silly, No. 7 Jolly," and a number of other bright puzzlers not

(Continued on Sixteenth Page.)

Answer Coupon.

My answers to the puzzles in The Journal today, are as follows:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....
- 5.....
- 6.....
- 7.....
- 8.....
- 9.....
- 10.....

Name.....

St. No.....